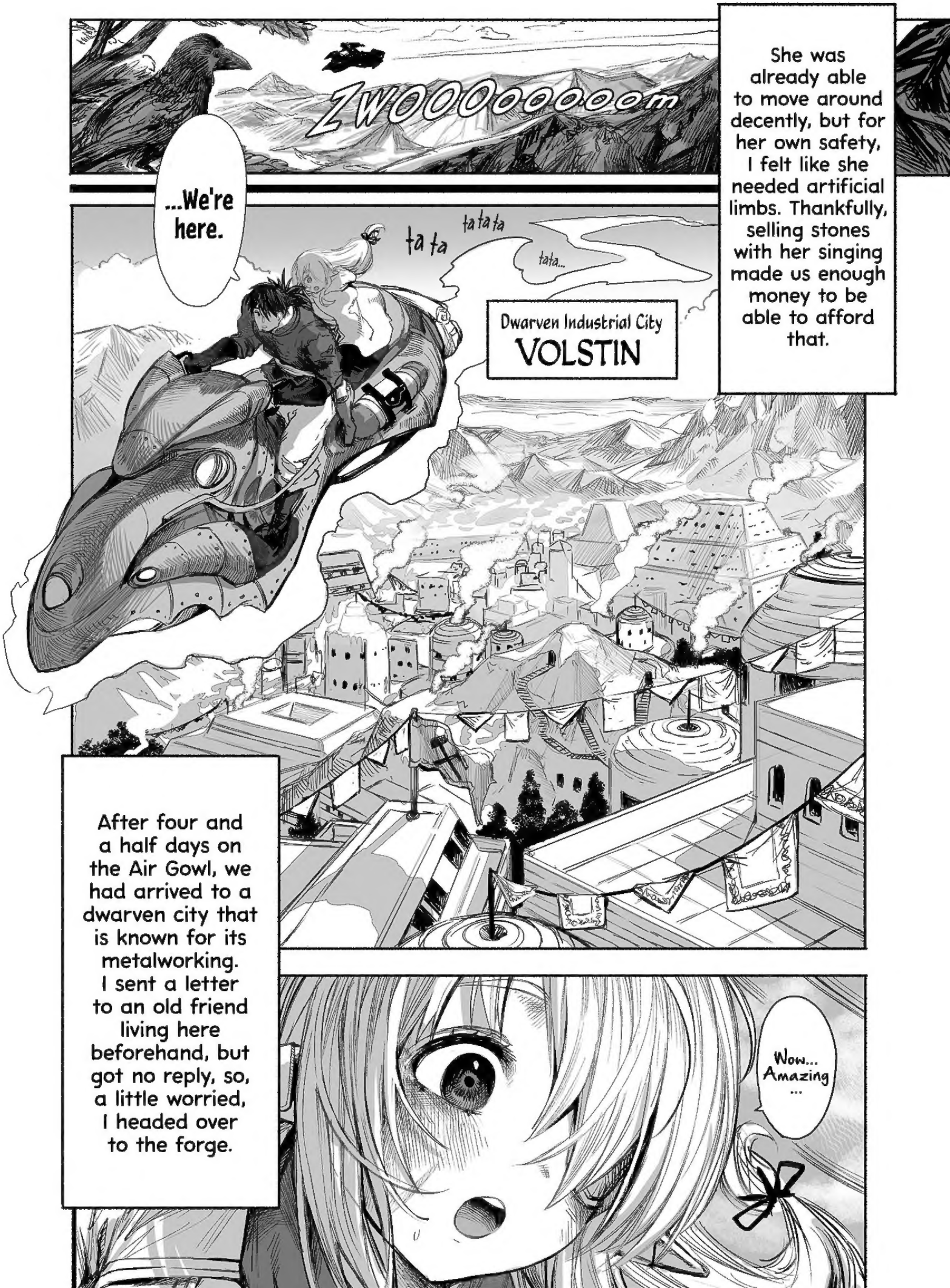
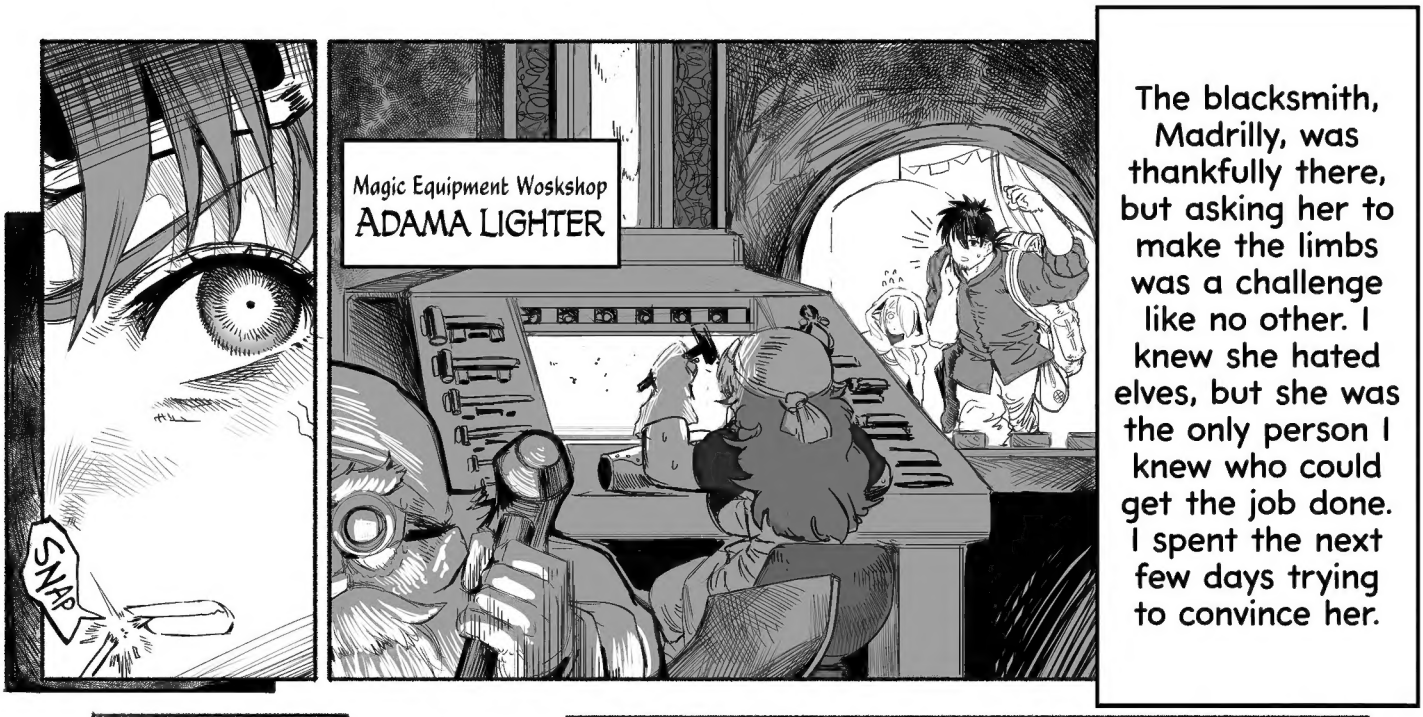
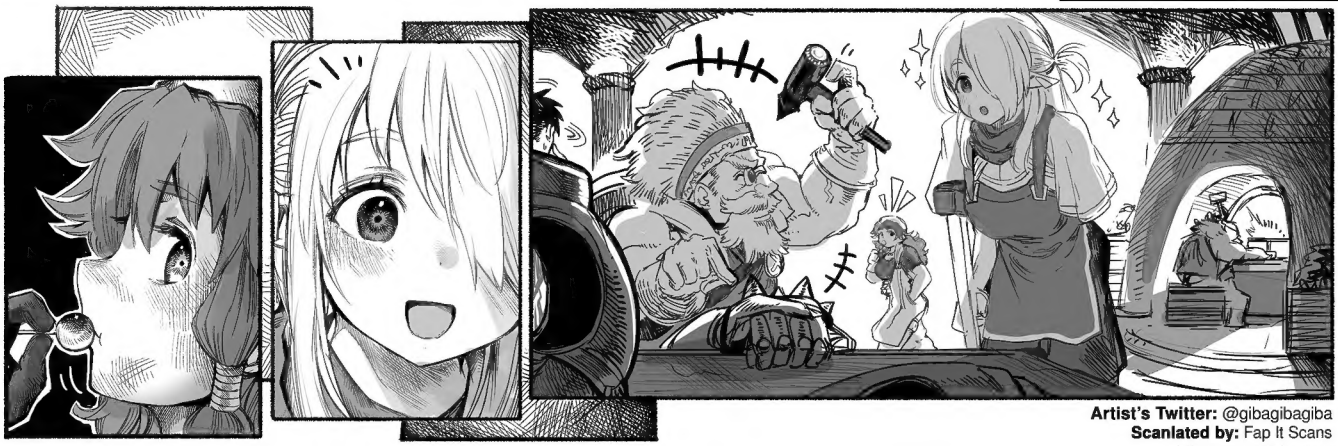
Saving a single elf girl wasn't going to erase my past mistakes. She needed help, and I wanted to help, so I helped her.
That's all there was to it. Now that she's made an amazing recovery and is even helping me with my work, all of that is just a distant memory.


ZWOOOOOOOOOm
...We're here.
ta ta
ta ta ta
tata...
Dwarven Industrial City
VOLSTIN
She was already able to move around decently, but for her own safety, I felt like she needed artificial limbs. Thankfully, selling stones with her singing made us enough money to be able to afford that.
After four and a half days on the Air Gowl, we had arrived to a dwarven city that is known for its metalworking. I sent a letter to an old friend living here beforehand, but got no reply, so, a little worried, I headed over to the forge.
Wow... Amazing ...



The blacksmith, Madrilly, was thankfully there, but asking her to make the limbs was a challenge like no other. I knew she hated elves, but she was the only person I knew who could get the job done. I spent the next few days trying to convince her.



Artist's Twitter: @gibagibagiba
Scanlated by: Fap It Scans
TL: iltrof **ED:** Faptain

Eventually, after she had seen Reszurre walking around and talking to everybody, genuinely curious about dwarven technology, Madrilly finally warmed up to her and admitted she was being childish. The artificial limbs needed strong power sources, so we repurposed the Air Gowl's engines.

TRMBL
TRMBL
Rest until you're used to them.
Madrilly's craftsmanship was perfect. The limbs were clearly over-engineered for daily life, but I can hardly complain.
After three or fours of adjustment, we decided it was time to leave Volstin. I left the Air Gowl with Madrilly, and we used a portal to make our way back. It was nice to see Reszurre finally able to walk properly next to me.
And now our money is all used up...
Thank you so much! We'll come again someday!